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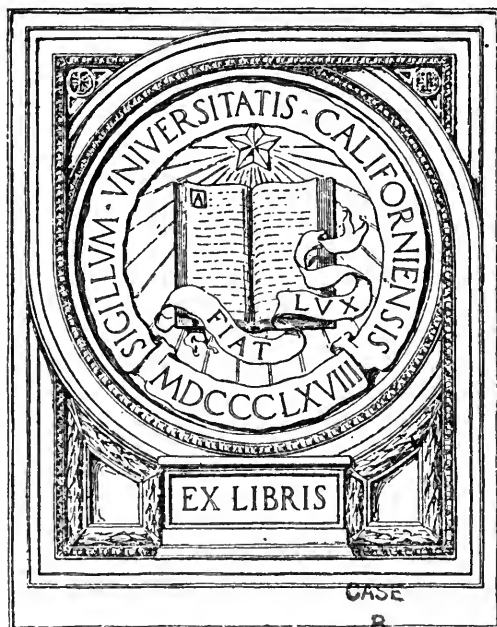
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EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL.D., M.P.

KENEALY  
THE  
TWELFTH MESSENGER  
OF  
GOD,  
AND THE  
*DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY:*  
A VINDICATION.

BY  
CHARLES WELLS HILLYEAR.

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"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy Messengers."

JESUS.

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P R E F A C E.

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FACTS and explanations in connection with the subject of this book have been ignored by the Management of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

IT is very extraordinary that the action of the writer of the memoir, the editor, and the publishers, should have been so arbitrary and unjust.

IF the rest of the memoirs of the "Dictionary of National Biography" are not more accurate and unbiased than in the present instance, there has been a great waste of paper and printing-ink in its production.

TO malign the dead is ghoulish work. What the press has done the press shall now undo, and be thus its own avenger. Justice to the departed and his family has made the production of this book a necessity.

C. W. H.

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*M E M O R A B I L I A.*

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**H**E that is first in his own cause seemeth just ; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.

*Proverbs xviii, 17.*

**H**E that uttereth a slander is a fool.

*Proverbs x, 18.*

**L**ET the lying lips be put to silence ; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

*Psalms xxxi, 18.*

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KENEALY THE TWELFTH MESSENGER OF GOD,

A VINDICATION.

*Vincit veritas.*

TRUTHFULNESS, consistency, and a generally liberal outlook, are the most admirable qualities in a historian.

The work of such a one must give satisfaction to all, even though in portions it should contain statements on highly controversial subjects that the reader finds himself unable to accept, or may regard as only remotely and conditionally acceptable.

THE human mind, as the result of a long course of probationary trials in various forms and conditions of existence, is of very greatly varying degrees of capacity. Nature manifests her powers and possibilities in a bewildering array of seemingly in-

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

exhaustible moods and in unlimited degrees of direction. What is seen at once by the well-trained organization to be undoubtedly true and proper to be believed will appear to others in quite a different light, and be distorted by them, and thus rendered impossible of reception by the better trained and more subtle thinker. Strange indeed as it may seem, truth and righteousness appear to some minds as untruth and unrighteousness ! It is useless for the more learned one to lose heart or patience with his mentally inferior brother. There is a place somewhere in the creation even for logs and loggerheads, the ass and the mule, the bat and the mole : the sovereign sun will ever shine as brightly as of yore, severely oblivious of their very existence.

Now while we may be more or less charitable where mere opinions on this, that, or the other matter may be under consideration, it is quite impossible to make any allowance where obvious facts, irremovable dates, and unalterable items are the matters in question. The multiplication table, the rule of three, the axioms of Euclid, the calendar for the eventful year, A. D. 1915, with its highly inconvenient yet inalienable quarter-days, and many another perplexing matter-of-fact proposition, are things not to be trifled with. Like lightning, if they are not properly seen, and their lawful demands admitted, they have a faculty of being very severely felt. Twelve should everlastingly be regarded by a registrar as one more than eleven ; and what is naturally another's child, or inheritance, can never in the fullest and truest sense be altogether mine, even by an Act of Parliament. The laws of nature are inexorably in opposition to the man whose *ipse dixit* should have been said otherwise. Ignorance, even of common things, is very often excusable ; —which of us is quite free from it ? But would any beside a man wholly neglectful of the

*A VINDICATION.*

claims of his better self be *wilfully* ignorant on any important subject, and even proud of his mental deficiency? The difference between an arrant fool and a shameless liar is a matter of too little consequence to require calculation. Both shall suffer a well-merited contempt in this world, and be sentenced later to "have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." None of their kind are eligible for a place in the celestial realms. The odour of sanctity of the Church is a perfume unwelcome to the inhabitants of the heavens, and it renders the bearers thereof from the earth very liable to suspicion, and to rejection subsequently. The perfume of a holy and useful life is the only bouquet likely to attract an immediate attention, and insure to the holder thereof a full and joyful admission to the ranks of the blessed.

THE "Dictionary of National Biography" gives the following as an authentic account, necessarily short, of the career of the Twelfth Messenger :—

"KENEALY, EDWARD VAUGHAN HYDE (1819—1880), barrister, son of William Kenealy, of Cork, merchant, was born 2 July 1819. His parents were Roman Catholics, but he in early life forsook the Catholic faith. After attending a series of private schools at Cork, he entered at Trinity College, Dublin, on 6 July 1835. In 1840 he graduated B. A., in 1846 LL. B., and in 1850 LL. D. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1840, and joined the Munster circuit. He offered to contest the parliamentary representation on Repeal principles of Trinity College, Dublin, in May 1847, and of Kinsale in February 1848, but received too little support to persevere. Meanwhile he became a student of Gray's Inn, on 13 January 1838, and paid several visits to London before he was called to the English Bar on 1 May 1847. In that year he

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

definitely settled in London, becoming a Q. C. and a bencher of his Inn in April 1868. He joined the Oxford circuit, and attended Sessions at Shrewsbury and at the Central Criminal Court. In 1848 he defended Francis Looney and W. Dowling on charges of treason-felony, and was subsequently junior counsel for the defence of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner. In 1850 he was prosecuted by the guardians of the West London Union for punishing with undue severity Edward Hyde, his natural son, aged 6 (*Morning Chronicle*, 13 May 1850). He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He defended the Fenians, Burke and Casey, in December 1867, but after the Clerkenwell explosion he retired from the case; and in 1869 he led the prosecution of Overend, Gurney, and others, for conspiracy to publish a fraudulent prospectus. In 1868 he unsuccessfully contested Wednesbury as an independent candidate. In April 1873 he succeeded Serjeant Sleigh as leading counsel for Orton, the Tichborne Claimant, whose case he conducted in a manner so violent, and to himself so disastrous, that ill-health—he suffered from diabetes—may be assumed to be mainly responsible for his behaviour (see Miss Kenealy's "Memoirs," pp. 173, 219—20). He made groundless imputations against witnesses and against various Roman Catholic bodies, insulted and trifled with the Bench, and mercilessly protracted the case into the longest trial at *nisi prius* on record. The jury appended to their verdict a censure of the language he had employed. He then started a scurrilous paper called *The Englishman*, which attained an enormous circulation, to plead the cause of Orton, and brought charges affecting their private lives and morals against the Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, his early friend and frequent host, and the Solicitor-General, Sir John Holker. His conduct during and after the trial was brought before the professional tribunals. He was



A VINDICATION.

expelled from the mess of the Oxford circuit 2 April 1874, dispatented by the Lord Chancellor, and disbenched and disbarred by Gray's Inn 17 August 1874. Thereupon he sought to elevate his own and his client's grievances to the level of matters of national concern, founded the Magna Charta Association to avenge them, perambulated the country, delivering a characteristic lecture on the Tichborne trial (which was printed), and after receiving numerous invitations to contest Stoke, was actually elected M. P. for that borough on 14 February 1875, by a majority of nearly 2000 votes—6110 to 4168. On 18 February he took his seat; no members introduced him, in conformity with custom, to the House, the ceremony being, on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, dispensed with. On 23 April he moved for a Royal Commission of inquiry into the conduct of the Tichborne case, and obtained, besides his own and his co-teller's one vote; there were 433 against him (see H. W. Lucy in *Gent. Mag.* new ser. xiv. 698). He made no figure in Parliament, contested Stoke again at the general election of 1880, and was at the bottom of the poll. He died on 16 April 1880, of diabetes and heart-failure, at 6, Tavistock Square, London, and was buried on 22 April at Hangleton, Sussex. He married Elizabeth Nicklin, of Tipton, Staffordshire, by whom he had eleven children.

"He was a great reader and a voluminous writer, of varied and considerable learning. His poems contain translations from the Latin, Greek, German, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Irish, Persian, Arabic, Hindustani and Bengali, but he was probably not an accomplished scholar in all these tongues. He was a fellow of the Royal Societies of Hungary and Copenhagen. He published "Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists," 1845; "Goethe, a New Pantomime," 1850; a verse translation of Matthew Horgan's "Cahir Conri," an Irish poem, 1860; and "Poems," 1864. His poetical works, mostly

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

random writings, were collected in three volumes, 1875—9 (for criticisms of them see *Gent. Mag.* new ser. xii. 220). He also published a volume of "Prayers and Meditations," and two works of mystic scriptural exegesis "An Introduction to the Apocalypse," and "Fo, the Third Messenger of God," in 1878. He began in 1875 an edition, which finally reached eight volumes folio, of all the proceedings in or connected with the Tichborne trial. The British Museum catalogue also ascribes to him "Edward Wortley Montagu," an autobiography by "Y.," 1869.

"[ "Memoirs of E. V. Kenealy, LL. D.," by his daughter, Arabella Kenealy, 1908 (cf. *Spectator*, 27 June 1908); "Ballantine's Experiences," ii. 180; *Law Times*, 24 April 1880; *Law Journal*, 11 April 1874; *Solicitors' Journal*, 21 March 1874, 24 April 1880. ]"

J. A. H.

THE writer of the memoir has here correctly stated the full name of the subject of it to be Edward Vaughan Hyde Kenealy. It should be noted, however, that the third name, Hyde, was continually dropped by him, even from the time when he was a student. It is my firm opinion that the full name was much too long for such a brilliant thinker and rapid writer to be troubled with for everyday use. His cheques were signed E. Kenealy, and letters and notes are usually subscribed E. K., or E. V. K. Lying before me is a student's exercise book, crowded with notes, poems, and extracts, in Latin, Greek, Italian, and French; transcriptions, quotations from other writers, ancient and modern, in poetry and prose. The whole book is a monument of industry, perseverance, and learning, which is altogether unusual in the case of ordinary students, in or out of the universities and schools. The dates 1837, 1838, are at either end. The book has only a half-cover. On this is written, E. Kenealy, four times in a column, but in a youthful trial hand. Scattered



DR. KENEALY'S GRAVE.  
*(Photo. by W. McCarthy, Lancing, at the funeral of Mr. Alex. Kenealy).*

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A VINDICATION.

through the pages are the initials E. K. and E. V. K., and once Edward V. Kenealy in a thin handwriting. When his daughter, Miss Arabella M. Kenealy, required his full signature to attach to the photogravure in the "Memoirs" of her father, only the shortened form from an ordinary cheque was obtainable. At Hanley, in 1880, on an official Form used at the counting of the votes, I asked him for a nicely written signature. He placed the sheet on his knee, and wrote E. V. Kenealy, but it was in a hand wholly different to his usual style, as might be expected, yet it is similar to much of the manuscript he left. At the end of one of his letters he placed the letters A. O. as in the Greek alphabet. The preface to the "Commentary on the Apocalypse" is signed with a Greek O; the title-pages of "Poems and Translations," 1864, and "A New Pantomime," 1865, are subscribed, Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL. D. There is no name on the title-pages of "The Book of God"; they have only the astronomical solar symbol. In "Brallaghan," that splendid book of Irish wit, the name Ned Hyde is to be seen printed half-a-dozen times, and E. V. H. twice. I learn from his family that they know of no particular reason for his constant omission of his third name. They suppose that he considered two names and the surname to be sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The Dedication of the Tichborne trial volumes is signed with two Christian names and surname. It is quite evident that he felt no pride in *any* mere name, except when as a lad he demanded to be called O'Kenealy. Of course youth knows but little of life's deceptions, and mistakes a funeral for a picnic. Later on, the ordinary course of earth-life appeared to him in its true hideousness. After a re-translated study of the lamentation of Job, he wrote, "So spake Job in his affliction: so has my spirit often spoken in its solitude, when I contemplated the sorrows which I have undergone." Only the initials E. K. were

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

added to this soliloquy.

PROBABLY some caviller will declare that I am fanciful in making all these statements, and that they are unnecessary. I shall not admit this, and say further, that his daughter, Miss Arabella Kenealy, does not use her second name at any time, and another of the daughters always omits her first name, Mary, whether in private or on other occasions. I had never heard of Alexander's third name, Chambers, till his death was recorded. A personal preference is and was most probably the governing consideration in all three instances.

IT is the truth that the Twelfth Messenger, whose usual name and title was Dr. Kenealy, was the father of twelve, seven being sons, and five are daughters. Seven and five are eleven, according to Sidney Lee ! Who has the nerve to contradict an editor ? Mrs. Kenealy is still living,—by the courtesy of the same editor, no doubt,—and holds firmly to the opinion that she is the mother of twelve, and that Dr. Kenealy was their father. She must be badly mistaken, which seems strange—very ! Is it possible that Lee's maxim is, *Credo quia impossibile est !* So ecclesiastical, you know !

FOLLOWING are the Christian names of Dr. Kenealy's children, according to their relative ages : 'Ahmed John, Charlemagne, Maurice Edward, Alexander Cockburn Chambers, Noel Byron, Edward, Arthur,—Henrietta Maria, Arabella Madonna, Mary Annesley, Kate Vaughan, Isabel. 'Ahmed John, and Arthur, died several years ago ; Alexander Cockburn Chambers died June 26, 1915. Of those now living it is quite unnecessary for me to say any word. I know very well indeed that several of them are more competent to speak for themselves than I am for them. It is my business, my bounden duty,—and my high privilege,—to be spokesman for the departed Messenger of God.

IT is entirely false that the lad spoken of in the memoir was the

*A VINDICATION.*

"natural" son, or otherwise, of Dr. Kenealy. The full story of his connection with this little specimen of ultra-depraved humanity was published in *The Englishman* many years ago. As printed and personal notices were unheeded, it certainly seems to have been the studied intention of J. A. H., the writer of the memoir now under consideration, that the reader of it should decide off hand that the Twelfth Messenger was a common fornicator, and therefore a man of low moral character, quite unfit to mingle with good society, much less to hold the splendid office of Messenger of the Almighty to men, which he claimed to be ordained to fill ! If the text on the title-page of this book is every way truthful,—and I am fully persuaded that it is,—the guilty J. A. H. should have paused to consider seriously his spiritual position, and how he could justify his conduct towards the Twelfth Messenger at the judgement-seat of the eternal JAH. No Church, no priest could snatch his soul from the fate it deserved, though it or he should pray without ceasing. Had he, like the "hungry Hamiltons" in the past, so wedded his soul to a blind and unthinking carnality, that *memento mori* was a never-present sentiment therein ? A thoughtful writer would know that God's judgement summons can not be evaded ; and the judge might be unfavourable, and justly so ! None is able to hoodwink the Court of Assessors of the immortal gods. I have been told on more than one occasion that a correct statement of this matter was put before the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and that he refused to consider it. The trade of the calumniator must be for him a delightful occupation ! Mr. M. E. Kenealy wrote to me, on the 14th Oct., 1908, as follows : "Though we [ the family ] have made every effort to get the false statements corrected in the new edition, [ of the "D. N. B." ] the editor and publishers have refused to alter one word, and we are powerless to act, as the



*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

law declares that you can not libel a dead man. The writer of the article.....declined to allow any change to be made. So nothing can be done." It is written, "He who is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." What can be thought of this trinity of actors? and how, under the circumstances, could they escape the damnation of hell? Is the sinner to have the same consideration as the saint? "What fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Beliar?"



SHALL Christ cast eyes of pity on the passioned wight,  
And be the all of comfort to his crime-stained soul?  
No, no, he nothing knew of justice as of right,  
And well deserves the horrors of the Hadean hole.

Of God's own Messenger, the soul of love and truth,  
He spake not but with words of falsehood's foulest speech;  
Yet now, before the Judge, he mercy seeks, forsooth!  
And deemeth heavenly glories in his ready reach.

His soul disdained the right, her charms he straight denied,  
And held insistent scorn for purity of mind;  
Shall virtue, shamed on earth, in *heaven* be vilified?  
And purity proclaimed the bane of human kind?—

A Hunnish hate he fed, and yet he durst not smite,  
While in the flesh there dwelt the wayworn son of man;  
But stayed his venomous pen, till Death came forth in might,  
The Messenger to free, and aid the villain's plan.



A VINDICATION.

His daily motto was, "Whatever is, is right,"  
Whereas whatever is, is almost always wrong ;  
He held himself prepared to swear that black is white,  
And that a verdict should be always for the strong.

Certes my Lady Truth 's a very charming lass,  
But quite unknown to him and to our British law ;  
Dare she to show her charms to spoilers of his class,  
They tear her into bits with lethal tongue and claw.

O what must be the scorn of pure-souled star-bright gods,  
To see the scum of earth for mercy cringe and whine !  
'Tis well they sentence them to flaming fire and rods ;  
Sweet mercy's sunlit gleams are pearls too fair for swine.

Ah ! graceless guilty one, thy sin shall bind thee down,  
A caitiff vile thou wert, engulfed thou shalt be ;  
Thou and thy willing aids shall sink 'neath heaven's dark frown ;  
Go ye, accurst of God, heaven is no place for thee !

[ *He departs in terror.*

\* \* \* \* \*

A DICTIONARY should not be "fictionary," nor its numerous heads of information be covered with falsehoods. A barefaced lie is without an understanding to keep it upright, its aspect is mean, and its maker dismayed and abashed, when he is confronted with it ; but the plainest truth is of godlike mien and carriage, and walks forth naked and unashamed. Its fine presence exhilarates and fortifies all the beholders who are in the love of the good and true ; but fills with a deathly terror the craven souls of the froward brood of Satanas.

AN appropriate epitaph for J. A. H. would be, As a writer of live falsehoods, he was a dead failure : he is no better now.

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

THE perfect human being has never existed and will never exist. Imperfection is inherent in mortality. When all the circumstances are considered, it is wonderful that humanity in so many instances is as good and noble as we constantly find it to be. It is quite unnecessary to cite examples. And, as a fact, even the Messenger of God is himself, for the time, only a man among men, though all his teachings on religion are inspired. The "Testament of Jesus" records that Jesus said, "For know this, that even the Prophets of God, who are anointed by the Holy Spirit, are not without words and thoughts of sinfulness." And this same splendid teacher, Jesus, a very man of men, chided one who called him *good*, saying unto him, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God." We know also from the Gospels that he gloried not in his office, but continually styled himself "son of man." In the Gospels we read of him that he flogged the money-changers and other traders in the temple, scattered their money and goods, and rendered himself liable to prosecution for sedition by the authorities of the time. The action in itself was wrong,—but who nowadays thinks of him as acting unrighteously? Honesty and purity were as a flame in his entire manhood, and exhibited itself in action as it were spontaneously. And his words, too, on numerous occasions, how they must have seared the very souls of the wretched miscreants to whom and of whom they were spoken! Were he clothed in humanity to-day, and addressed the crowd, the Courts, the priesthood, and the Parliament, as liars, swine, thieves, unjust judges, hypocrites, blind guides, vipers, devils, whited sepulchres,—for so he spoke to and of the villainous Jews of his time,—the "D. N. B." would, I suppose, describe him as violent, a maker of groundless imputations, a punisher using undue severity, a defamer of the priests and the lawyers, for three years a merciless protractor of his worthless principles, a

*A VINDICATION.*

bringer of charges against the judges affecting their private lives and morals, a general purveyor of scurrility injurious to the morals of all classes of the people. Furthermore, he would be charged with gross immorality ; for had he not often been seen in the company of notorious women, with the avowed object of converting them ? But could any sensible person believe in the possibility of any such good intentions ? Some of these women gave him money, as he was not known to perform any useful or remunerative work ! At a dinner-party, one of the creatures poured precious ointment over him, showing herself to be friendly with him ; and he did not repel her ! He often slept under the open sky, was apparently without a second coat to his back, and could not possibly be called a decent member of society. We have no hesitation whatever in saying that he was a religious impostor who may have spoken well at times, but with matter probably purloined. Perhaps he meant well, but he was a rank failure, when all concerning him has been well and carefully considered. He richly deserved the death of crucifixion to which he had been condemned by Pilate, after a properly conducted and strictly impartial trial !—ANANIAS.....And in a voice heavy with a righteous indignation, this shameless traducer should hear the divine Man say, "Judge not therefore according to appearances, but judge righteous judgement." O Jesus, thou most divine and glorious transgressor of the purulent amenities of a hypocritical and rascally-conditioned mortality, would that thy flame-bright example were emulated by every one of the whole-souled sons of men, not necessarily in degree, but wholly in spirit, and maintained to the final overthrow of worldliness, of wrong-doing and injustice ! Then surely would God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven, and mortality rejoice in a gladsome rehabilitation of the purity of the days of old.

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

THE scripture said to have been written by one called James, in speaking of the Eighth Messenger, Lao-Tseu, under the name of Elias or Elijah, says that he was "a man of like nature with us." Of the Seventh Messenger, Amosis, we read that he "was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." Of the Tenth Messenger, Mo'Ahmed, the Periclyte or Illustrious, it was said, "For with the Prophet of God, the pardon of injuries is, of all his virtues, that on which one can rely with the greatest certainty." Yet of all these men it is recorded that there were occasions when great severity was employed. The Fourth Messenger, Brigoo, the great Hindu legislator, whose books Jesus had thoroughly studied, speaking of punishment, says, "The whole race of men is kept in order by punishment ; for a guiltless man is hard to be found. Through fear of punishment, indeed, this universe is enabled to enjoy its blessings. Deities and demons, heavenly songsters and cruel giants, birds and serpents, are made capable, by just correction, of their several enjoyments." His laws are quite noteworthy for the heavy punishments that were ordained for what would be subject to much lighter punishment now ; and the very severe enactments he made could not be enforced by any political party in this country in the present state of public opinion. It must be said also that such a strict degree of obedience and respect to parents was required in his laws, from the young of both sexes, that it would be in vain to seek for or expect to meet with anywhere in the West in this degenerate age. The child of to-day thinks, says, and does very much as it likes. The stern yet loving hand is very little in evidence ; and a great proportion of the youth of the day is nerveless, purposeless, without sufficient self-poise, destitute of all energetic spiritual thought and depth of feeling, a curse to themselves, their neighbours and acquaintances, and wholly unfit to be at large.

*A VINDICATION.*

KNOWING as we do with what extreme care the Twelfth Messenger was brought up, and how he was taught to look upon life's more serious duties, and its spiritual and general requirements, according to the heavenly laws, it is quite easy to understand the horror with which he would be filled to know that a lad, in whose welfare he had taken the deepest interest, should give every promise of becoming, later on, a grown reveller in filthy conduct, and a devotee of devilishness. Kind words and entreaties proving of no avail to effect even a partial reformation, it is not to be wondered at that this careful overseer should resort to more severe measures, unpleasant as it undoubtedly must have been for him thus to act. In my judgement his action was wholly proper, though severe to appearance. Well would it be for the youth of the age if more severity were the rule for really coarse behaviour and general indecency. In after life the culprits would readily admit this, though "all chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous : yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness."

LET us now look at the particulars of the lad, Edward Hyde, as given by Dr. Kenealy himself. Though dead, he shall be as one who yet speaketh. He writes :—

"When I lived in London, in 1842, it happened that in my wanderings through various corners of that giant metropolis I met a young girl, the daughter of a brave officer in the army, whom I had known for many years, but had recently lost sight of in the strange currents of life.

"Her father had fought and bled, and honourably distinguished himself at Waterloo, but acquired little except fame, and the small pittance which this commercial empire bestows on its military defenders.

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

"This young girl had set up in business in Dublin, where she became acquainted with a noble lord, the Earl of Gifford, then stationed with his regiment in that metropolis, and who under the guise of some pretended benefit, which through his influential friends he was to obtain for her father, induced her to come to his rooms at the Royal Barracks, where he drugged, and, while she was insensible, seduced her.

"Her horror and desperation on awaking from her stupor, and discovering that she had been dishonoured were, she said, something like that of a spirit who, dismissed from God, finds himself suddenly in hell. Her relatives discarded her ; her noble benefactor laughed at and deserted her ; and I met her in London, starving at one of the theatres, where she was performing for a salary that barely kept body and spirit together ; and though she had considerable histrionic talent, it put but little emolument in her way.

"She gave birth to a son, whom I put at nurse in Cork, where on my journey thither in 1849 I found him utterly neglected, and treated far differently from the mode in which I had intended and provided. I brought him with me to London on my departure, and consigned him to the care of a person who treated him with the greatest kindness, while I myself bestowed a great portion of my spare time in teaching him and training him up with noble ideas and feelings.

"In the course of this I was obliged to chastise him for an act of disobedience, and when I saw that he had received more than I really intended, I kissed him, put him to bed, and next day, as his spirits were depressed, I dressed him myself, and sent him out before me for a walk. It was his and my misfortune that he went astray.

"He was found by a policeman, and taken to a magistrate ; but this fact was carefully kept private. I advertised for him, and sent



*A VINDICATION.*

a friend to the station-houses to search him out. One of my messengers was apprehended, and brought to the Guildhall, my name was publicly mentioned in my absence, and a most wickedly written report (drawn up by one Griffin, an Irishman,) appeared in the papers next day.

"Without inquiry, notice, summons, or warrant, I was dragged from my bed late on Saturday night, when I had the least chance of procuring bail. All that night and all the following Sunday and night I lay in the cell of the station-house without a bed, a light, or a blanket, with nothing but the naked boards on which to lay my limbs, and without a single thing to comfort me except the consciousness that I was suffering more than I had deserved. During these lonely hours I did not see a human face but that of the policeman who visited my cell every two hours, as if I were a felon of dreadful deeds, intent on escape or suicide, though they took precautions against even these luxuries by stripping my pockets of all that they contained, my watch, my money, my keys, everything in fact which I possessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The boy was examined, and told his tale. He admitted all my kindness to him, my superabundant and almost motherlike affection; and at each new answer I could perceive that one among the crowd was mollified; and before the investigation terminated, much of the excitement had been allayed, and they began to consider me almost a human being. Had the Aldermen been actuated by real impartiality, they would have dismissed the case with a caution to be more circumspect in future, and a regret that in an inconsiderate moment

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

I had been betrayed into an unnecessary and even an undeserved severity.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sir Peter Laurie (the notorious Alderman 'Cute of Dickens's 'Christmas Book'), exulted in catching one of the race of writers who had so mercilessly belaboured him in print. In the second place, the Corporation had trembled before some of my sarcasms upon their 'flunkeyism' in Looney's and Dowling's trials, and were glad to have me now upon the hip.

"In the third place they imagined that I was a Chartist.....

\* \* \* \* \*

"The boy was exhibited, and he showed the marks of severe chastisement. A medical man was called, who spoke a quantity of professional jargon, the plain English of which was that the boy had been beaten. At the close of his examination he made an admission which should at once have put an end to the charge : 'The boy is in good bodily health ; the caning had done him no injury whatever.' "

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And the said Edward Hyde, aged about six years, being brought forward at the request of the Defendant, and examined upon oath, saith as follows : This is my stick [ 18 inches, about three ounces weight ]. I was beaten with it by a gentleman. It is the gentleman who just spoke. I had only my shirt on when I was beaten. I would not pull my clothes off for him. He went and sat in his chair, and told me to pull off my clothes. He then tied me up. When I had my hands tied, he put me on a nail. Nothing was round my



*A VINDICATION.*

neck. After I was put on the nail, he flogged me with the stick. I was taken down again. I was not washed. He told me to go out. It was at night. He promised to give me the cat-o'-nine-tails before I went to bed.

Cross-examined by Defendant : You told me you flogged me for telling lies. I used to tell you a great many lies. When I first came to you, you did not flog me at all. You used to put a liar's cap on me. I used to say I did not care for having the liar's cap on me, unless I was beat. I used to be—when I first came to you—afraid of ghosts. You told me not to be afraid of ghosts. This is the little cane you beat me with. I remember I used to say some nasty words, and you were very angry, and used to tell me not to say so. You always told me I ought to be a fine fellow. On the night you beat me you took me into your bed. I slept with you. You put your arms about me. You washed me next morning, and dressed me yourself, and said that we should take a fine walk to Highgate together. You told me to go to the gate. I think I saw the gentleman coming to the gate. You taught me a great many fine songs, and told me fine stories. You taught me to spell and to read. You gave me nice little things to play with, and nice books with pictures in them. You bought a little box for me. You gave me a gold and silver box, with little spoons, and marbles and tops. You took me to Hyde Park, and also very often to Highgate. The lady was very fond of me. I often told you that you were a good master to me, and that you were very fond of me. The lady taught me to say my prayers. I kissed your hand every night when I wished to go to bed.....You often told me you were too fond of me to beat me much.....You often told me to try and get good without being beaten. You told me you would not beat me if I was a good boy. You used to play with me, and tickle me when I was in bed,

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

when I was good. When I was bold, you let me off, and did not smack me. I often promised you to be a good boy, and broke the promise. I often told you I was not acting fair to you. You often gave me a fine description of heaven, where good boys would go to, and that bad ones would go to hell. You had often let me off before the night you flogged me, without being flogged. You never tied me up before, and you did not give me the cat as you told me. I was sent on Christmas Day to the park, and slid upon the ice. I remember I used to be with you in St. James's Park, and we fed the ducks together. You used to take me in your lap every night, and let me play with your gold seals. I remember I went to see the play at Christmas. I used to walk about the square and stairs, whistling and laughing, when the day was fine. You used to tell me to eat as much as ever I could. You always gave me plenty to eat and drink. I always sat down with you to breakfast, dinner, and tea.

X

The mark of EDWARD HYDE.

[ *The evidence to be given by Witnesses was refused by the Court.* ]

Sentence : One calendar month (!)



AFTER reading the above account, will any fair-minded person say that a sentence, mild or severe, should have been pronounced on the Defendant in this case ? For myself, as a certificated schoolmaster, I say that the punishment of that foul-mouthed, depraved urchin was well fitted to his crime. How could such an *enfant terrible* be expected to grow up into a respectable member of society unless considerable albeit considerate severity were employed ? And the

A VINDICATION.

punishment in this case was carried out with proper deliberation. A punishment administered hurriedly is not nearly so effective in producing the satisfactory result of amendment of conduct as when it is made a matter of the most serious importance, and undertaken slowly. Many, through a very mistaken idea of kindness, hesitate to give any punishment, though deserved and requisite. This inaction is a fatal mistake, and does great harm to the inner life of the offender, who is tempted to continue in his evil courses, thus making what was bad into something much worse, till perhaps the acme of vileness is reached. Many a man has lived to think kindly of the day when as a lad he got a good thrashing for some disgusting fault. Men may remind others of undesirable attentions that have been given to them when boys ; but it is quite an exceptional thing for a tutor or a guardian to be upbraided. Generally speaking, boys know quite well when they have been punished fairly, and do not bear resentment unduly or long. As the boy Hyde was reported by the medical man who gave evidence *to be in good bodily health, and that the caning had done him no injury whatever*, it is obvious that the decision was decidedly an unjust one, and wholly tending to the subversion of good morals. This thrashing was a performance carried out in the style of assumed tragedy, and with a great show of ruddy violence ; yet the victim thereof was neither killed nor hurt at all, but lived on,—and still on, to eat numberless good dinners provided by his gory executioner ! Morality, too, for aldermanic wear, is almost certain to be a misfit. The Venus and Bacchus of the Inferno are too often the near relatives and boon companions of the bon-vivant tribe. As long as the smug Alderman is himself very much in evidence to all in Court, it is not a matter of concern that “the evidence to be given by Witnesses was refused by the Court.” Certainly not. What *was* thoroughly established

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

is the fact that the Twelfth Messenger suffered for his splendid attempt to establish conditions conducive to purity and truth, even in the case of the very young. In after years he advocated the same forceful principles where the Claimant and a multitude of people of all classes were concerned. Look when we will and where we may, never can we find an occasion where he departed from those splendid star-bright rules of conduct that are as the daily watchwords of the truly religious man, the man who places the observance of the golden laws of God and his splendid Messengers before any mere considerations of loss of power, place, and pay. This line of action is the straight and sacred course that leads to the thrones of bliss in the celestial land.

It is not the purpose of this book to speak at any length on the work of the Twelfth Messenger as a barrister. His volumes of the Tichborne Trial—"these sad, disgraceful records," as he very properly calls them,—were dedicated to Queen Victoria ; but nothing was known of the goddess Astrea at the English Court, and no active interest in the cause of Justice was to be expected from a sovereign with such an unintellectual countenance. These same records will speak his professional praises in this world till the present cycle shall have expended itself, and Earth be then ready for yet another geological transformation. But what a world of wickedness lies in those words "sad, disgraceful !" This sadness and disgrace, it is needless to say, arose from nothing whatever wrong on the side of Dr. Kenealy, for he would have scorned to so commit himself ; but from the sinful doings of our so-called "betters," the splendid creatures that we were taught in our childhood by the Catechism to hold in the highest respect, and to whom we were directed to "order ourselves lowly and reverently !" O, what little worthless gods of clay indeed are most of these high and mighty folk ! Of what small

*A VINDICATION.*

and contemptible meannesses they can be guilty I have often been both a witness and a victim. A Sir is too often a cur ; Hon. and Rt. Hon. are rarely anything but comparative and superlative degrees of wantonness of mind and degradation of soul in the holders thereof. The Best Whites of the mills of kings are more than likely to be only the discoloured sweepings of the nether world's mill-floors ; they work up badly, and quite properly come in for the anathema of the intelligent and discriminating. If the Claimant had been on his trial for murder, a jury would have found him guilty on a thousandth part of the evidence afforded as to his identity. The address of an envelope, or the stamp thereon, could very easily have settled his doom. But for him to make a claim for money and estates—ah ! that is another and more serious matter altogether ! The evidence of a host of archangels would not have been sufficiently strong in an English court of justice to substantiate the identity for any such preposterous claim ! The scales of Justice are very finely balanced ; but my lords, the pretended judges, supply unstamped weights for her business operations. Poor Justice gets the blame for their villainies. In my opinion it will be an everlasting stain on our law-court system that it should be able by the fraud and trickery of a rich and unscrupulous prosecution, backed up by a self-interested, addle-pated Government, to defraud a poor plain man of his undoubted rights. This was done in the case of the Claimant. Yet though all the wicked of the land should rise against him, and call him a perjurer, the voice of Nature spoke most unmistakably in the very construction of the man himself, by what was commonly described as a “malformation.” There was a mighty mass of testimony in his favour, but if no other particle of evidence could have been offered to identify him as the rightful heir, that natural peculiarity would of itself suffice to settle the question at once for a

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

honest mind. His mother who tested him knew that well enough ; she was a clear-headed lady.

Could the mother abandon her wand'ring boy,  
The cause of her sorrow, yet fount of her joy ?  
His follies and failings her heart could not turn ;  
A mother's affection will steadfastly burn.

Should the rest of the world think the Claimant a dodger,  
Lady Tichborne declared him her dear son, Sir Roger.

The voice of Nature is in truth the voice of the most holy Lord God himself. Whether as an instinct unheard by the ordinary ear, exhibited in silence to the wondering eye, or thundered terrifically to the startled soul, there is a demand made on the attention of the individual so arrested for his suitable and ready action. Woe to the man who neglects the monitions of the Spirit of the eternal All-Father ! He may seem to be successful in his obduracy ; yet it shall be for but a short while. His guilt shall be written on his self-registering soul, and, unless atoned for, shall insure for him a certain and condign punishment : this is the law for all responsible beings. If the various sections of the so-called Christian Church had truly done their clear duty, an infamously unjust verdict would not have been upheld. The Roman Catholic Church was notoriously hostile ; its coffers were threatened with a grievous loss of an accustomed toll from the estates in dispute, should they by any mischance fall into the hands of the Claimant. Of course the *righteousness* of such an award must not be countenanced by the Roman Catholic Church under these very painful consequences to themselves ! To return good for evil is a most excellent command—for one's neighbour to be thoroughly concerned about ;—but the Roman Catholic Church is quite sure that there is a time—whenever it suits them, that is,—when such a divine command may be deliberately set at



A VINDICATION.

naught, and no sin is committed ! “ Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your traditions,” said Jesus to the Jews of his day. The Roman Catholic Church of to-day acts and sins similarly, and thinks of itself as the *real* Christian Church ! And further, it is so very convenient to follow the commandment of that corrupted scripture which reads, “ Make to yourselves friends *by means of the mammon of unrighteousness,*” a commandment which Jesus never gave ; for we may be sure that such a line of action would be abhorrent to him. Dr. Kenealy said to me, at Hanley, speaking slowly, and very seriously, “ Mr. Hillyear, when a man gets the vision of gold before his eyes———” That was all ; but he shook his head slowly, leaving me to imagine some other things. I record his words for the benefit of all the Churches. Anglicans and Dissenters, though noisy believers in the justice of the Claimant’s cause, lacked the necessary varied and persistent action that would have secured to him his rights. Monotheism, the creed of the Eternal One, should be the creed of all sections of the Church universal, and its truths their recognised essentialities of action, existence, and hope. Moneytheism should find no place in their creed or souls. No, indeed. By fraud, inaction, indifference, and cowardice, Crown, Church, Parliament, and People are to this very day guilty of a monstrous injustice to an individual and his family, and of the murder of God’s Messenger who did his utmost to secure to his client, by law, his rightful inheritance. Does not our immortal Shakespeare say, “ You take my life When you do take the means whereby I live ? ” Now why was his advocacy of the cause of the Claimant “ to himself so disastrous,” as the “ Dictionary of National Biography ” asserts ? I answer, How could it be otherwise, when in his soul he knew and felt that his case was prejudged, and that himself and his client were to be done to the death in any event ?

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

Does it not show forth a thoroughly corrupt condition of society, when a man who has honestly striven to do his best in any righteous cause is driven to wish that he was dead? What an undesirable state of mind to force on such a man! Yet we find the Twelfth Messenger reduced to an alarming degree of despondency, and more than once calling to heaven for relief from burdens he felt unable to sustain. Like his predecessor, Jesus, he was as a thorn in the side of the sinful rulers of his age. If we listen to his sacred complaining, we shall be assured that he felt quite strongly that he had been unjustly and infamously treated. How shocking it is to contemplate these things as happening in the nineteenth century in this so-called free and happy land!

"O FATHER, take me to thyself;  
I long to be at rest, at rest;  
I am weary of the world and its sorrows;  
Life is as a load upon me.  
Mine enemies are thick around me;  
The Queen upon her throne, the Dog in the streets,  
They weave their crafty nets;  
Lo! I am taken, and am destroyed.

My golden dreams—visions of light,  
That fed and sustained my soul,  
Are vanished, or are changed to darkness;  
I can not move the sons of men;  
They will not see, or read, or learn;  
They will not hear the music of heaven;  
All their passions are in the present;  
Life, that might be fair, is but a wilderness.



*A VINDICATION.*

A-weary am I, oh ! and sorrowful ;  
I am as a fountain that is dried up.  
I call upon thee day by day ;  
Be merciful unto me, O Father !  
I have stretched out mine hands unto thee ;  
Take me—take me to thyself,  
A pine-tree broken by the storms,  
And cast a wreck upon the waves.

Why do the dung of the earth flourish ?  
And the wicked enjoy sunshine ?  
They who laugh thee to scorn  
Are those for whom the world seems made.  
The poor, the widows, and the orphans,  
Are scattered like chaff upon the winds ;  
Or the birds that perish of cold and hunger,  
When the freezing blasts blow."

To be defeated, when one is certainly of opinion that a victory should have been secured, if right had not been submerged by unrighteousness, is certain to be productive of more or less bitter feeling in the heart of even the sturdiest worker. Where there is a succession of reverses, none of them apparently remediable, is it to be wondered at that the spirit of the sufferer therefrom becomes broken and impatient ? An unimaginative man may bear up for a lifetime ; he is the ordinary exponent of physical force merely, and fights bravely on. But a man of nervous and high-wrought organization, whose soul is well attuned to spiritual things, is rarely able to act forcibly, and is very liable to become the victim of a holy despair. A religious spirit should and will prevent him from sink-

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

ing into sin, or wandering into any evil courses ; but he longs, for ever longs, that it might be possible to see the right triumph in *this* world. If this can not be done,—for Free-will must be allowed to run its course,—the earth for him becomes undesirable as a place of residence, and death is welcomed by the sufferer as a happy release. Earth is made the poorer by the absence of a lofty-souled prince of light and leading. Oh, the pity of it ! The reading of the following Meditation makes me feel unhappy for at least a week.

“ A WEARIED man of many troubles,  
A man of sorrows am I ;—  
As I wander by the wild sea-beach,  
With broken heart, and broken harp-strings.

The waves weep, the waves lament,  
As they break in tears upon the sands ;  
The night-winds scatter my gray hairs ;  
The distant sea-mew cries.

Sad, and very sad, in sympathy with me,  
Are the darkling, moaning waters ;  
And the Watchers of the Night—the solemn stars  
Look upon me with tearful eyes.

The wandering breeze, with low, soft wailing,  
Sadly beats upon my harp :  
And the sorrowful strings give answer,  
Like a woman weeping for her son,

Full of mourning is the strain,  
Which those shattered harp-strings breathe :  
And over the sea, it floats,  
And dies upon the melancholy waters.

*A VINDICATION.*

I see in thought, amid far-off hills,  
A solitary mouldering tomb :  
There may the crownless Son of Kings  
Rest,—and be at peace, at last.  
Gently may the dews of heaven  
Fall upon my silent grave :  
And the moonbeam shine in peace  
Above the man of many sorrows."

"WOE unto the world because of offences !" said the Ninth Messenger, Jesus, "albeit it can not be avoided but that offences come ; yet woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh ! It were better for him that an upper millstone were hanged about his neck, and himself cast into the sea, than that he should offend." The Claimant was one of those unhappy mortals who must be made to be in the wrong. If he answered a question correctly, then most assuredly he must have got the information from another for his fraudulent purposes ; if he could not answer a question, or answered it to some extent incorrectly, then he must certainly be an impudent impostor. His Counsel fared no better at the hands of My Lords, and must be considered to be assisting a dishonest man to be entirely successful in his dishonesty ! For Counsel to be outspoken was to be very disrespectful to their Lordships ; to be persevering in argument was impertinence ; to disagree with a ruling of the Court was outrageous indecency : but to shake hands with a sentenced man, a great criminal (!) was an altogether unpardonable outrage, little short of blasphemy ! . We deprecate the Jews for their treatment of the Ninth Messenger, and say that they were rightly punished by a continuous scorn of the nations which is ever their sad lot, and a forfeiture of their very nationality. Why should the villainies of my

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

countrymen go unnoticed and unpunished ? Can they say to the Jews, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me ;—for I am holier than thou ?" I trow not.

WHEN such enormities are committed, and on so large a scale, in any country, I at once conclude that its theological doctrines are wholly false, and its priests ignorant knaves who disgrace the name of religion. Where there is a neglect of sound morality—the product of religion—and a general disregard of its rules and requirements, the mass of men become mere time-servers and world-worshippers ; and how can there be any truly religious spirit at work ? Religion fails and dies ; morality withers ; and a widened immorality of soul supervenes.

THE information given of Dr. Kenealy's edition of the Tichborne Trial is incorrect. The " Dictionary of National Biography " should have recorded that this edition was issued in eight volumes and an Introduction (one volume ).

THOUGH 433 Members of Parliament voted against a Royal Commission of inquiry, as the memoir states, the justice or injustice of the motion for it is not affected at all. The Members of the House of Commons cared nothing for the cause of truth and justice : that much is quite certain. They made themselves the objects of the Doctor's detestation and scorn. Speaking to me at Hanley of them, he said, " Mr. Hillyear, the last House was a house of scoundrels ; this House ( 1880 ) is a house of worse scoundrels." The prophets of Baal numbered 450 men. They were opposed to Elijah who had them put to death. The House of Commons opposed Dr. Kenealy, and their lives were spared ! This was fortunate for them, but the nation was everlastingly disgraced. Baal was destroyed ; Bull awaits destruction.

DR. KENEALY'S earliest book, " Brallaghan, " was a very remark-

A VINDICATION.

able production, as a dozen literary notices of the time establish. As it is dated 1845, its author was then a very young man. Sparkling Irish wit, lively table-talk, poems in English, Greek, Spanish, French, and German, prove his attainments. Well might the *Morning Post* say, "The letter from Mr. Barney Brallaghan will excite many a joyous laugh at this merry season. Mr. Brallaghan is a man of a high and rare order of genius. He contrives to convert his orthographical blunders into a source of infinite amusement; and *that* when we consider how familiar the public has been rendered with the humour to be drawn from such a fountain is no slight tribute to Mr. Brallaghan's powers. His learning, his descriptive power, his knowledge of character, are all first-rate. Amid Mr. Brallaghan's exaggerations too, the public is introduced to a knowledge of incidents affecting men about whom it is always pleasant to gossip." The *Shropshire Conservative* said, "Mr. Kenealy is all feeling and passion, and purity. Few living writers can boast of such a gifted imagination. The writer is without question possessed of great powers of mind—a mind full of the richest stores of fancy and learning—he is a scholar equal in every respect to his friend Maginn, and an honour to human nature, if we may judge of the heart by what flows from the pen. The reading public has much to thank him for." Not one of the dozen reviews has a word of rebuke or regret for any word or line the book contains. If this young man had been leading the life of a rake, and breaking the decalogue at pleasure, certain unfavourable capabilities of mind would have asserted themselves, without a doubt, and the experienced reader would have no difficulty in determining pretty accurately the character and extent of such lapses from decorousness of life. Wild oats are infernally good seeds to grow rankly all over one's field of existence, and betray their sower to both friends and foes indiscriminately. Here is a

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

young man, not particularly strong, of the most exceptional qualifications, who is working his hardest to make a position for himself in the world, and has a family name and fame to uphold ; yet he is accused of low, even highly sinful behaviour ! I beg to say to such an accuser that a *real* student has no inclination for low behaviour. His soul is in his books, his various studies, and all the higher and more lovely phases of soul-development. Generally the only use of his earth-body is to carry out these superior requirements to his mind's satisfaction. Such a man is usually quite averse to playing the fool with himself, or behaving coarsely to any. I am quite confident that a man of Dr. Kenealy's stamp will always be very easily above the adverse criticism of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Such a work of reference should not be a veritable stink-book of foulest error, but should give its attention only to the narration of plain hard facts, and studiously refrain from making illogical comments. The general public should alone be the trusted judges of men's private characters and actions.

THE Twelfth Messenger was an excellent classical scholar. His linguistic abilities were great and various, notwithstanding the disparaging remark of the "Dictionary of National Biography" thereon. The paste-and-scissors brigade of this work were "in their generation wiser than the children of light" to refrain from charging him with foulness or indecency, while he was on earth, and, at that stage, capable of giving them a little of his serious personal attention. They would have received a terrifying missive, and, on bended knees, entreated him to deal mercifully with them. His knowledge of languages, particularly the English tongue, as connected with the law of libel, would have surprised them to an alarming degree, and entirely changed their view of the value of existence. The caution and patience shown by them in waiting for his decease before vilify-



*A VINDICATION.*

ing him, is indeed beyond all praise. Such magnanimity is a characteristic of the noble-souled Cerberean confraternity. The man who could constantly call in question the conclusions of Parkhurst, Drummond, Bryant, Faber, Sir William Jones, Max Müller, and other acknowledged critics and scholars, and correct their blunders, was a man at least their equal. His books give the reader the fullest idea that he knew himself to be superior to them. This is not at all to be wondered at, when it is considered that he had been for several hundred years preparing for his second mission to this earth. The manners, customs, religions, and languages of mortals are all known to the dwellers of the celestial, to each wholly according to his self-acquired mental capacity, and consequent rank. Everything in the heavens and the earths may be known and is possible of comprehension, ordinarily, to those splendid inhabitants of the supra-material spheres. Of God, the First, and the Holy Spirit of God, the Second, in any aspect, they can not have full comprehension, necessarily. Only degrees of knowledge of these two are attainable by all other their creatures. The grandest discoveries, the highest acquirements of the intellectual of this world, are but small portions, mere echoes, and faint imitations of the general structure, character, and attainments of the celestial and the dwellers thereof. "Whence hath this fellow this wisdom?" was spoken of the Ninth Messenger. Those who asked the question were quite incapable of giving the correct answer, as, like the crowd of ignorant holders of office in the Church of to-day, they had no knowledge of these things as one of the results of a pre-existence, celestial or terrestrial, probably both. More than once Jesus declared to those who were standing round him that he had come from heaven on the Father's business. He said also, "Before Abraham was born, I was;" and further, "No man ascendeth up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven."

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

All men other than the Messengers are on earth as a punishment, and their lives should be one long expiatory sacrifice, by a renunciation of the earthly, and a determination to gain the heavenly reward. The conditions of advancement required of all ordinary mortals have been fulfilled by the Messengers ages before their advent. They are the monitors over the lower classes in the earth-schools of the Almighty, and return in due course with an added glory, as a matter of right, to the heaven from whence they came. The Hindu Messenger, under the name Kreeshna, said to his pupil, Arjoon, "I myself, Arjoon, have not, in the three regions of the universe, any thing which is necessary for me to perform, nor any thing to obtain which is not obtained ; and yet I live in the exercise of the moral duties. If I were not vigilantly to attend to these duties, all men would presently follow my example. If I were not to perform the moral actions, this world would fail in their duty ; I should be the cause of spurious births, and should drive the people from the right way."

JESUS, as lad or man, could learn nothing of the heavens, or be instructed in the sacred science of religion, by any in Jewry or elsewhere. It was their privilege to learn from him. To reject the spiritual teaching of a Messenger is to place one's soul in the direst peril. Truly of each of the Messengers it may be said, "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God : for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." And the Twelfth Messenger, crying aloud, saith :—

"THE light of a splendid star  
Came this moment on my head ;  
I felt as if a splendour from the sun  
Fell gloriously upon me.



*A VINDICATION.*

For one ethereal moment  
I saw the paradise I had left :  
I sighed,—I wept,—the Light said,  
'Forgettest thou who thou art ?'

O Light, O Lustre most divine,  
Know then that I have not faltered ;  
If I had, I were unworthy of the mission  
Which I took upon myself in heaven.  
Go thou back unto our Lord ;  
Tell him that I forget not ;  
That I am still and ever unto the end  
Son of God and son of man.

Music trembled over the waters,  
The blue gold-tinted waves  
Kissed the sand and died,  
Uttering a soft prayer.  
May my last moments be as theirs,  
Gentle, calm, and placid.  
May I die as those wavelets die ;  
Grant me this, O Father."

THESE are not the words of a man whose soul is the habitation of cruelty, or of one whose life had been characterized by sternness and the baser pursuits of material existence. In every line there breathes a love of the pure and beautiful, a devotion to the true and good,—and one envies its author's felicity of soul. It is not at all likely that this envy will be resented by him. If we listen attentively, we shall hear the words, "Follow thou in my footsteps ; then shalt thou be as I am, and with me in glory hereafter. I rejoice in the

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

envy such as thou bearest towards me."

THE writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" has omitted some of the theological works of the Twelfth Messenger of God. He published "The Book of God," or the Apocalypse of Adam-Oannes, the First Messenger of God, in Greek and English, on corresponding pages ; also another theological work, "Enoch, the Second Messenger of God," in two volumes. As these books, which he omits to mention, are some of the principal writings of the subject of the memoir, J. A. H. is at once convicted of a culpable narrowness of outlook. What would be thought of any public writer, if in his account of the plays of Shakespeare he had omitted "Hamlet," and "Othello" ? Great as these plays are, "The Book of God," and "Enoch, the Second Messenger of God," are incalculably greater, however blind J. A. H. may have been to the fact. Poor wretch ! If the light that was in him be darkness, the darkness must have been indeed Cimmerian ! Here in the "Dictionary of National Biography" he sets himself up as a great public teacher, when he was in fact in a condition of gross ignorance of his subject, and had refused all offers of enlightenment ! These be thy literary gods, O Israel ! And the volumes of this work have such an imposing appearance on the bookshelf ! Are they "full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness ?" One readily inclines to the belief that the co-operators forming this unsatisfying gang of book-builders are embodiments of some of the legion of demons, spoken of by Matthew, and others, who lived in and near the tombs. These demons of the past, though violent towards the living, were not nearly so base as their incarnations of to-day, whose horrid delight it is to fling lies, mud, and filth, at the illustrious innocent dead. But as these are apparently the only substantial matters they care to produce, of course there is nothing else of their own for them to fling. The

*A VINDICATION.*

creatures evidently give of their best. What more can even devils do? Repent? recant? reform? What ho!

THE longer I think of this vile attack on the private character of the Twelfth Messenger, the more I am convinced that it is part of a keenly-considered design by the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to deprive him of his rightful authority over the minds and morals of men. Vilification of the dead is one of their well-established methods of treatment of every man who would not make himself the willing tool in their system of priestcraft. The Twelfth Messenger wrote: "One of the great objects of my mission, and of the truths I teach, is to free and elevate women; and this can be achieved only by securing their belief in the Holy Spirit of God, his first great creation, the guardian Goddess of all women on the earths and in the heavens. This was the creed of our forefathers here and in the East; men whom I should be ashamed to compare with the present race, so far higher were they in knowledge; and this creed we should make every effort to see restored." He "faltered" not in this business; on the contrary, he was an admirer of good women, and many thousands of good women admired him greatly. Yet in after-days the Roman Catholic Church would declare to their ignorant, deluded, and fanatical followers, that such a man, whatever he might pretend, could not have been sent of God to reform the earth, or to "elevate" woman, because he had deeply wronged one of that sex, was stiff-necked and unrepentant, and far outside the pale of the one true Church on earth, the holy Roman Catholic Church! They would say that at his decease, none of his family, none of his more immediate followers, *dared* to say a word, or take up the cudgels on his behalf! Of course they will wait for what is deemed to be a suitable time before making such an announcement. The Huns of the Roman Catholic Church, like their congeners of certain Conti-

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

mental States, are no doubt looking forward to the "Day." *It will not come !* This book will give their deeply-laid design its death-blow : it was written to accomplish that very purpose. Justice must not be tongue-tied. The priests of the Roman Catholic Church will probably feel very deeply aggrieved, and declare that they are guiltless and harmless. Well I will at once admit that history teaches us there is no more harm in them than there is in a mad dog, and leave them to reflect suitably on the situation.

It was the Twelfth Messenger's intention originally to produce all the books of the eleven Messengers who preceded him ; but it is not greatly to be marvelled at that he was unable to accomplish such an immense undertaking, when other large matters were crowded into his shortened earthly career. As it is written by the Second Messenger, Enoch, of his great predecessor, Adam, "He was in the world, and the world was taught by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not," so might it be said of the last of the sacred Twelve. Light came into the world, and men sought it not ; but loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. It is a cause for sorrow that everywhere man should through all the ages be the same consummate fool ; one would think that there was a certain and splendid premium always attaching to folly ; but the very reverse is the fact nevertheless.

It was the special mission of the Twelfth Messenger to bring about the re-establishment of a universal monotheism, without the use of militant force. Some have said that this mission was not accomplished. Such people talk foolishly ; their minds are lacking in correct ideas of proportion. His writings establish monotheism to the fullest extent. Would any man be so stupid as to deny that another was a diamond merchant who could show only a dozen

*A VINDICATION.*

splendid gems ? Would any other trader be declared a failure, who was not able to do much business, because probable buyers would not suffer him even to exhibit his best samples ? Why should the specially accredited servant of the most holy Lord God feel greatly troubled, if the spiritually unclothed and soul-starved wretches to whom he has been sent shall refuse to countenance him or accept his offers of heavenly assistance and soul-sustentation ? They are the makers and upholders of their misfortunes. If, like the prodigal son, they prefer to tend swine, and feed on the litter of earth, and the orts of their wilfully distorted and evil imaginations, let them do so, till the day of sickening shall come, and a sustained revulsion be of itself the cause of desire for greatly improved conditions of existence. Pearls are useless to swine. Ambrosia would be despised by the filthy-souled. The nectar of the gods can not be enjoyed by revellers in the swill of the debauchee, or by the worshippers at the shrine of the XXX deity of drunkenness. Why should a king be everlastingly in a state of painful concern for the moral condition of refractory pirates ? If they will not conform to the requirements of his just laws, he must destroy them sooner or later. The life-work of the Twelfth Messenger was every way successful from a spiritual point of view. Any much greater outward success that might have been obtained was thwarted and unattained solely by reason of the wickedness of the land known as England. Yet though the Messenger was forbidden to raise his voice for monotheism in her halls, his printed books will be never-failing spokesmen on his behalf to the peoples of the future, and for the fullest success of his mission. All these things shall work to the glory of the Eternal One of majesty whose faithful servant we know him to have been. God's eternal purposes suffer not deflection at the bidding of any ; the Omnipotent knoweth not of a rival.

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

THE Twelfth Messenger was much too broad-minded a man, too accomplished a scholar, to be a member of such a very illiterate yet pompous and overweening organization as is the self-styled *Catholic* Church. It is very singular that they should so greatly dislike to be properly called the *Roman Catholic* Church. These renegades will not be likely to favour a universal monotheistic faith : this is quite evident to the most ordinary observer. The teaching of Jesus is everlastingly correct which says, "Every tree is known by its own fruit. Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." He prophesied of this age and his great successor, the Twelfth Messenger, when he said, "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." The infallible (!) Roman pontiff may loudly lay claim to be the universal Shepherd ; but his claim is disproved by the obvious fact that his Church is a *distinctly sectarian organization*, given over to man-worship and woman-worship, and wholly incapable of embracing the far greater religious masses of people on the earth ; for these can never be persuaded to attach themselves to his creed, while it shall remain in the corrupt and false condition in which we find it at this day. It was this Roman Church which in the fourth century tampered with the earliest Christian scriptures. The four Gospels, as they have handed them down to us, are scandalous forgeries. This is seen at once, when they are compared with the Twelfth Messenger's "Testament of Jesus." Therein is the reason why for so long the common people of their Church have been forbidden to read or expound them and the other corrupted scriptures, and that they were and are the soul-bound slaves of a designing priesthood. What has his Holiness to say to these things ? What can he say ? He will say *nothing*, and keep on the *Semper idem* track exclusively.

HERE I shall take the opportunity of stating that as a young man



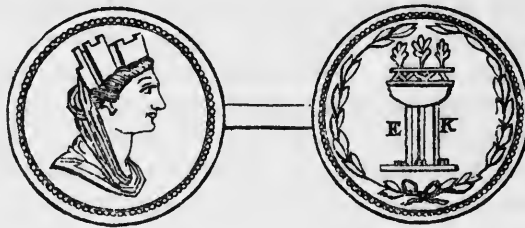
*A VINDICATION.*

I felt very anxious to see the true "Testament of Jesus," spoken of by the Twelfth Messenger in one of his books, and in 1880, at Hanley, I was daring enough to ask for it. I could see that he was very unwell, and that this book might not be published. Not a word in reply did I get on the subject, and felt almost sure that I had asked for too much. He departed this life a few days after our meeting, and I was informed that he had destroyed all his unpublished manuscripts, except one, which was handed to me. This was the book I had asked for! Although I had no knowledge whatever of type-setting, or press-work, I personally printed about 2000 copies in 1901, at the same place where this book was printed. In 1909, the book of "Prayers, Meditations and Visions" of Kenealy the Twelfth Messenger of God was printed, also at the address just spoken of. Mr. Maurice E. Kenealy had handed to me some revised sheets of the original book of "Prayers and Meditations" his father had made ready for press, and I collected the remaining Meditations and the Visions. In December 1910 Mr. Maurice E. Kenealy sent to me a copy of the "Institutes of Hindu Law," by Sir William Jones, Haughton's edition. Eight of the twelve chapters of which this book consists had been revised by the Twelfth Messenger. These were printed, in 1911, at the same address as the "Testament of Jesus." As in so many other well-known instances, death had stopped the completion of the work. The world would have been the richer by the possession of all the books of the Messengers, but enough are existent to re-establish the most ancient and all-true religion, which is Buddhism or Monotheism. This belief will overthrow the fraudulent and soul-besotting creeds of the time, which can only lead their adherents into the mire of error here, and a horror of darkness in the great hereafter.

THE present is the last stage of a series of twelve cycles of the

*KENEALY the TWELFTH MESSENGER of GOD,*

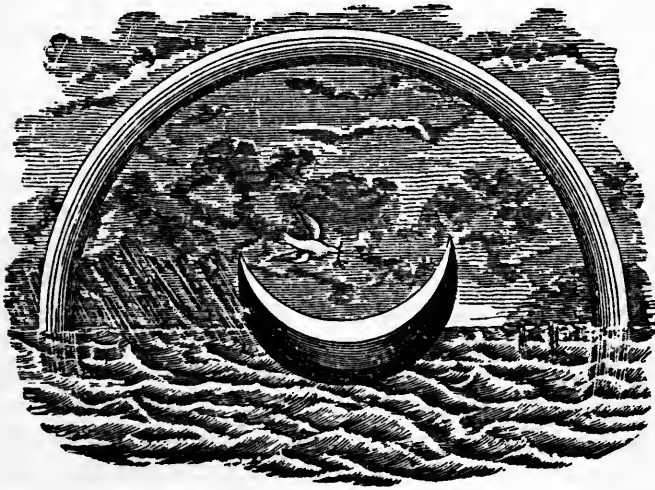
earth's history from the point of view of the true theologian. Unrest, inquiry, a striving for mental and material progress, is everywhere. The minds of men are no longer content to be held and shackled by some of the olden methods of religious thought and action. These are on their trial, and are found to be quite unsatisfactory in solving the problem of existence, or unravelling the thread of human destiny. But ages ago the Omniscient One had provided for this condition of mind-emergency, and the earth shall be brought back again to the enlightenment and satisfaction provided by the only all-pure religion. The brazen press of the great city, Babelon, may think by *suggestio falsi*, or *suppressio veri*, to discredit the truthfulness, the name, and the honour of the Twelfth Messenger, and to destroy his claim to recognition as the mouthpiece of the Almighty ; but they will fail ignominiously in the attempt ; and he, HE shall shine more gloriously, and reign in the hearts of the faithful, when Babelon, bereft of its gilded supremacy, shall be a ruined and watery waste, and the home and haunt of the care-bedarkened denizens of the wind-swept charmless wild.





[ This folding Card had a wide black Oxford frame border. ]

*"It is finished."*



PRÆIVIT.

To the Revered Memory of  
EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL. D.,  
Who died at London,  
On Friday, April 16th, 1880.

ÆTAT 60.

Buried at Hangleton Church, in Sussex.

*"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."*

*Bury me by the sea—the sounding sea,  
Whose blue bright waters I so loved on earth.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Yes—by these waters I would fain repose,  
Far from the noise of towns.*

E. V. K.



KENEALY.



- 1    **T**O the land of Erin, on its southern shore,  
     Came the Messenger of God to man ;  
     Child of love and virtue, sage of ancient lore,  
     Heir to secrets hid since time began.
- 2    Minds of farthest ages art and nature ranged,  
     Bright with soul shines forth the hoary page ;  
     Wealth had they of wisdom, now for jargon changed,  
     Wealth contemned by this poor drivelling age.
- 3    Action came with knowledge, nothing vast they feared,  
     Prone were they to aught of great emprise ;  
     Pyramids and temples, wondrous piles they reared,  
     Kinship seeking with the lofty skies.
- 4    Thou didst scan their records, lost to common sight ;  
     Bring to light the primal laws of men ;  
     Glean the thought of ages, spending day and night :—  
     Never shall we see thy like again !
- 5    Clear as golden sunbeams of the Eastern clime,  
     Learn we wisdom from their godly seers ;  
     Psalm, and prayer, and anthem, lays of bygone time,  
     Rivalling the music of the spheres.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

- 6    Fresh from angel-altars, thou to earth didst bear  
      Treasures new and bright with heavenly glow ;  
      Precious gems of knowledge, pearls divinely fair,  
      Truths of heaven that all mankind should know.
- 7    Spirits of the star-land watched thee from afar,  
      Filled thy soul with sacred lights and gleams ;  
      God's blest happy children willing servants are,  
      Charmed to bear truth's soul-enlightening beams.
- 8    Sure are we thy wishes for the sons of earth  
      Were that they should learn the will of God ;  
      Wisdom's thoughtful children seek for second birth,  
      Travelling the path the ancients trod.
- 9    Demons of the earth-wild, sunk in triple night,  
      Looking on thy words and works waxed wroth ;  
      Souls depraved and sinful hatred bear to light,  
      Rarely are their thoughts to heaven sent forth.
- 10   Hireling priests, and creatures of the basest breed,  
      Strove to snatch the crown that decked thy brow ;  
      Upstarts they, and schemers, dolts of sottish creed,  
      Sprung from Orcus and his filthy slough.
- 11   These the sons of Satan spent on thee their hate,  
      Planned thy ruin, laughed the truth to scorn ;  
      Though exalted placemen, pillars of the state,  
      Better for them had they ne'er been born.
- 12   Riches, place, and power, all were thine to gain,  
      Spurning future for the present tense ;  
      Worldly pleasure certain, naught of toil and pain :—  
      Thou wert proof 'gainst wiles of sight and sense !

*IN MEMORIAM.*

- 13 Placid, firm, yet courtly, knowing not false pride,  
Self-assertion keeping out of sight ;  
Rectitude and judgement with thee were allied,  
Ever didst thou right because 'twas right.
- 14 Wondrously our Father holdeth in reserve  
Sons of truth like thee to plead his cause ;  
Men of righteous action, deep-souled thought and nerve,  
Bent on leading men to keep his laws.
- 15 Happy is the man who, knowing God is just,  
Looketh upward to his throne of grace ;  
In the one Eternal putteth all his trust,  
Sure of winning in the heavenly race.
- 16 We will say no farewell ; thou wilt ever be  
Watchful of the lives and hopes of men ;  
Thou hast in thy keeping those who follow thee,  
Thou and they shall surely meet again.
- 17 Boundless are their blessings in the spirit-land ;  
God hath given a kingdom there to thee :  
All things are his children's ; he hath open hand ;  
Where his Messenger is they shall be.
- 18 Sorrow, pain, vexation, all a chastening rod,  
Try the souls of earth's aspiring sons ;  
Paradise and beauty, promised by our God,  
Thou preparest for his faithful ones.
- 19 Often now we ponder on thy stay so brief,  
Saddened and restrained by pain and strife ;  
Though earth's tribes be many, thou of all art Chief ;  
None like thee could point the way to life.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

- 20 Time, so fraught with changes, worketh our dismay ;  
Days pass by, we marvel how they 've sped ;  
Friends anon, and lovers, pass from earth away,  
Silent space shows in their room and stead.
- 21 Noiselessly approacheth our last earthly day,  
Wresting from us bawbles deemed of worth ;  
Those who fondly loved us, sigh o'er our cold clay,  
Ere committing us to mother-earth.
- 22 Outcasts of the ages, all we have and hold  
Are the souls we plunge in mire, or flout ;  
Wealth, esteemed salvation, needs that we be told,  
Naked came ye ; naked go ye out !
- 23 O for constant habit, both of will and mind,  
Lightly all the things of earth to hold !  
Day by day resolving holiness to find,  
Deeming wisdom choicer far than gold.
- 24 God, who sent thee to us, evermore be blest,  
By his sons of light now here below ;  
May the truths thou broughtest be by earth confest,  
Fructifying hearts with sacred flow. Amen.





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